Our Nest

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Our Nest

by ficsofthecavern

Summary

Alphas don’t nest. And yet, Will does.

Notes

This is a Twitter thread that some of my follows asks to be on A03, so of course, I had to provide!

Alphas don’t nest. And yet, Will does. It’s not a deep instinctual need like Omega’s have which can force them to hoard as many soft things as possible, it’s just… a comforting thing to do. To be surrounded by the warmth of the blankets, head filled with soothing scents, familiar and safe.

When Will mentioned to Hannibal during one of their ‘conversations’ that he would nest, he half expected the Omega to scoff. Hannibal did no such thing of course. In fact, he smiled softly and agreed with how calming it can be. It was a turning point in their relationship for Will, because maybe, just maybe, someone would be able to see him without any distaste. And isn’t that what everyone wants?

On the flip side of the coin, Hannibal doesn’t nest much, as Will would find out after their fight with the Dragon. When Will asked Hannibal about it, he had told him that pre-heat and heat was the only thing that really brought him to do it. When Will asked why Hannibal simply shrugged and said it wasn't a compelling need for him all the time.

“Besides, why make a nest when we have a perfect one to use already?” He had said, referring to Will’s own with a smile, and Will had to force his eyes not to spill the wetness that filled his tear ducts.

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Hannibal’s first heat after the death of Dolarhyde came much earlier than he anticipated. He had stopped taking his suppressants as he healed, and even if he went back on them his heat would still hit him as his body’s hormones went erratic. And even with his careful calculations, his body had decided it was time to go into heat a month early.

They at least were settled now beneath the southern sun, in a small house by the ocean, when his pre-heat started.

“Will you need a service?” Will asked at breakfast, and Hannibal raised an eyebrow at him.

“Darling, it would be you or no one,” Hannibal purred and Will smiled brightly, red flashing across the ice of his eyes and he returned a rumbling purr of happiness. He had figured of course, but it was still nice to hear it out loud.

Will insisted Hannibal stay home while he went to the market. Hannibal had a protest on the tip of his tongue since Will didn’t know the language that well yet, but feeling the warmth of having his Alpha providing for him left him nodding slowly and staying put.

Today, Will was out fishing. He had gathered as many groceries as he could and their cabinets were stocked well, but catching something yourself and feeding it to your mate was a pleasure on a whole other level.

He had a third fish in hand, holding it up and smiling when his phone went off. With a curse he tossed the fish in his bucket and wiped his hands down as best he could before answering, not even seeing who it was.

“Gr-, McDonough,” Will answers and sighs internally. It was going to take some time getting used to their burner names.

“Will. Come home as soon as you can, if you would please,” comes Hannibal’s voice on the other end. He doesn’t sound urgent, but there’s a clinical clip to his tone that makes Will nervous.

“Okay, yeah, I’ll be there soon.”

Will packs up quickly. He didn’t catch as many fish as he’d like but Hannibal has asked him to get home. When he enters their small house the air is filled with a mingling of their scents, Hannibal’s a tad thicker with his coming heat.

The Omega isn't in the living room, or the kitchen as Will puts the fish in the freezer. After a quick wash of his hands he heads upstairs, following the scent of sandalwood and maple as it thickens.

He finds Hannibal in the bedroom and freezes in the entryway, the door creaking as it swings on its hinges. It looks as if the house has been stripped of everything soft and stored in their room. There are pillows of various sizes everywhere, blankets hanging off the dresser, and a mix of their clothing is scattered about on the floor.

Hannibal is in the corner, sitting on the thick comforter that used to be the base of Will’s nest. His knees are drawn up, elbows resting on them and he’s gripping his hair. Will lifts his head and takes in a breath. There’s distress in the air and he frowns, slipping off his shoes before padding over to Hannibal.

“Sweetheart?” Will asks in a soft tone, kneeling down next to him. “What’s going on?” Will doesn’t reach out, would never unless he knows it would be welcomed, though his fingers twitch to be able to do so, wanting nothing more than to calm and smooth his Omega.

Hannibal lifts his head and Will gasps softly as they’re wet, rimmed with pink, and the ring of gold that marks Hannibal as Omega is dull. “It’s frustrating,” Hannibal rasps and rubs a hand down his face. “I can’t get it right, Will. Nothing I do feels /right/.”

Will tilts his head and can’t help himself when he reaches out, covering his hand with Hannibal’s. “What doesn’t feel right?”

Hannibal lets out a breath and looks out, gesturing around the room. “I’ve rearranged this nest so many times. But it’s not-,” Hannibal pauses and looks back at Will, his soft, strong, and obedient Alpha. “It’s not yours.”

Will’s eyes widen and his breath gets caught in his throat, cheeks filling red with a flush and a warm fire grows from the base of his neck. What an absolute pleasure it would be to build a nest for his mate. A deep purr fills the silence between them and Will leans forward, nuzzling

his cheek to Hannibal's. The Omega lets out a pleased sigh and runs a hand through Will's curls, returning a purr of his own and nuzzling back.

"I'd love to build one for you, Hannibal."

"For us, Will," Hannibal says and Will lifts his head to meet his gaze. "You're not sleeping anywhere else but here, after this heat." Hannibal's hand rests on Will's neck, palm over his pulse. Will tightens for a moment from the touch before he relaxes, and knows what Hannibal means.

"For us," Will repeats in a whisper before leaning forward and melding their lips together.

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